MONSTER WORLD

A WARREN MAGAZINE
35¢
JUNE
No. 4

HORROR IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

FACES OF 7 GREAT FIENDS

FRANKENSTEIN OF 1970 IS HERE!

ALL ABOUT TV'S WILDEST MONSTER CAR - THE MUNSTER KOACH

EXTRA! A LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER LEE

This WILD JUNGLE CAPTIVE, who came out of the Universal jungle in 1945, in 1965 is just wild about *MONSTER WORLD*. You'll be too—it'll soothe your jungled nerves or double your monkey back!

MONSTER WORLD

No. 4, JUNE 1965

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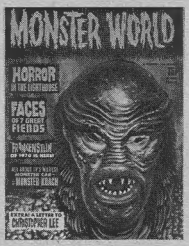


CONTENTS

FANG MAIL
Growls from the Monster Mail Bag..... 3

"THE LIGHTHOUSE OF HORROR"
Our Feature Fictional Attraction by Edgar Allan Poe & Robert Bloch!..... 5

FRANKENSTEIN 1970
The Most Famous Monster of All speaks to you from The Future..... 16

FACES THAT LAUNCHED 1000 SHRIEKS
Can You Take Them or Will They Take You? 18

SON OF WAX MUSEUM
Not to be Read by Candlelight.....26

IT CONQUERED THE WORLD--ALMOST
The Space Creature & The Wing-Thing.....32

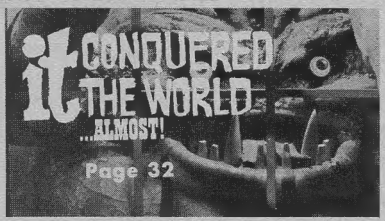
DEAR MR. LEE
Christopher Lee Answers some Vital Questions..... 34

TERROR TALK
"Bela" Obbagy's Horrorwood News..... 40

IT ASKED FOR YOU
Kongalu Grants Requests Before They're Asked.....42

THE MUNSTER KOACH
All about the Kooky-Spooky TV car driven by The Munsters 46

THE SCREAM TEST
Howl You Make Out?..... 52



MONSTER WORLD, NUMBER 4, PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRICE 35c PER COPY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 1 YEAR: $2.00 IN THE U.S., ELSEWHERE: $3.00. EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 301 E. 47TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES PENDING AT PHILA., PA. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED PROVIDED RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED; HOWEVER NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.
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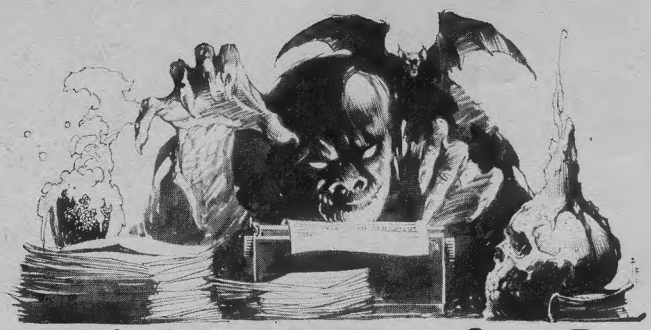
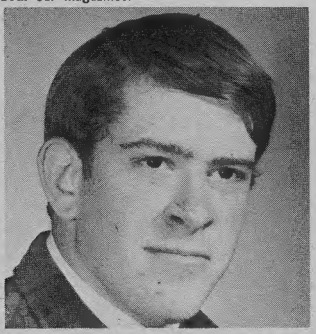
CREDITS & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: AIP, Stanley Brooks, Tony Brzezinski, Billy Byhower, Mitch Evans, Marlene Goodale, Alex Gordon, Jack Granara, Curtis Harrington, Shirley Kingston, Dan Levitt, Gloria Lillibridge, Chas. Osborne, Lynne Unkefer, Van Pelt, Woolner Bros. & Ziff-Davis Pub. Co.



FANG MAIL

To **PETE A. BECKMAN,** Below, this issue of **MONSTER WORLD** is dedicated in appreciation of a constant flow of informational service to **both** our magazines.



A GIRL GHOUL SPEAKS

It finally has happened! Monster movies are ending happily! I think **The Munsters** is fab. I always cried when I went to FRANKENSTEIN & DRACULA movies because I felt so sorry for the poor things; they always ended tragically (for the monsters). Alfred Hitchcock has produced the kind of "fright" film which has mental monsters. I don't feel so sad when they end. **The Munsters** makes light of the "feared fangfuls" and this is the only way to film them, I beileve.

Lon Chaney Jr. really cast a bad light on himself when he insulted (!) the **Fractured Flickers** series. Anyone with half a sense for the ridiculous and a sense of humor wouldn't take offense at such an action. He should be flattered that his dad could be used for something like that. It was only good-natured laffs. I never thought Chaney Jr. was gear, anyway. Now I **know** it.

Here are a few monster jokes I dug up:

"Daddy, what's a werewolf?"

"Don't bother me, junior—go comb your face."

Then there is the one about Countess Dracula and her werewolf husband, who went to their family counsellor. "Yes, I can see how your insatiable thirst for blood, countess, and your husband's turning into a wolf when the moon is full could lead to marriage difficulties," the counsellor observed.

"But that's not our problem," the countess interrupted. "Yes," the werewolf agreed, "what we want to know is, how can we tell our son he's adopted?"

I never knew who Bela Lugosi was before I read your magazine altho I had seen many pictures in which he performed. He played such an effective monster that I only recognized him for his roles. I imagine that he was often recognized only for his role and not as an individual—a rather disgusting situation for anyone. Is there a Bela Lugosi Fan Club which I could join?

BEVERLY CALICOAT
Spokane, Wash.

● For information on the official Lugosi Fan Club contact its president, Bill Obbagy, 11816 Forest Ave., Cleveland 20, Ohio.

UNFAVORITE LETTER OF THE MONTH

Regarding the letter in **MW** #2 about the particular circumstances of Lugosi's death, why do you keep hiding the fact that he was a dope addict?

TAYLOR CALDWELL
Chattanooga, Tenn.

● The tone of your letter is one challenging the editor to confess, to reveal a guilty secret. LUGOSI WAS A DOPE ADDICT.

There—I've said it in capital letters, and I'm sorry. Are you satisfied?

It is not that I believe in speaking only good of the dead—Hitler and his horror hoodlums, for instance, will receive no praise from me—but I do believe in keeping the facts straight. The term 'dope addict" is an unpleasant one, generally conjuring up a vision of some low-class criminal element, hopped up musician or reckess teenager who got hooked for kicks—true? Lugosi was none of these. It would be correct to say he became medically addicted to drugs. Doctors prescribed doses to kill unbearable pain. After awhile his system craved the drugs. Toward the end of his life, knowing the spotlite of sensationalism would fall on him, he sought to be cured. He was cured. He received honors for his honorable & courageous action.

If you still wish to crucify Mr. Lugosi after his death, Mr. Caldwell, you may also he glad to know he was a heavy drinker. But I would prefer to report that he was an enthusiastic supporter of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Bela Lugosi was no angel but I wouldn't say he was a devil either.—FJA

"DANGEROUS" QUESTION

Was the movie BLOODLUST in any way similar to the movie THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME?

JIM ED McCLUNG
Somerset, Ky.

● Both were based on the same classic short story "The Most Dangerous Game" by Richard Connell. A most popular terror concept—hunting human beings—it has also served as the basis for the films A GAME OF DEATH and RUN FOR THE SUN.

CURIOUS QUESTION

I wonder if you could tell me who owns the patent of copyright of DRACULA or Dr. Acula.

JAMES SENEHAN
(No address)

● The copyright on Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" has expired. It is in what is called the "public domain"—meaning anyone can freely publish the book or make movies from it. But Universal Studios owns and control the Lugosi image of Dracula. As for Dr. Acula, he is a mythical character created by this magazine's editor in about 1939.

MISS MARS OF 1985

I am inclosing a picture of my daughter who reads every issue of your magazine (generally before I do). She probably will be the first woman to go to Mars!

LORRE LORE

Was Peter Lorre widely known as the Black Angel or did the editor make up the name?

NANCY McLAUKHLIN
Drexel Hill, Pa.

● I never remember hearing him referred to as that. In fact I don't even remember calling him that myself! But it sounds like a good idea and I'm glad you reminded me I thought of it!

ELDERLY READER

I am only 8 years old and monsters are my friends. I was very little when all the good monsters shows were out. My mother wouldn't let me see them. Now I can see them but no more good shows are out. They are all corny like ATOM AGE VAMPIRE and KONGA. I wish they would bring back some of the old monster movies like FRANKENSTEIN, WOLFMAN & DRACULA. Something should be done!

TERRY TUGWELL
Bastropi, La.

Want to write us? We want to hear from you! Send your comments or criticisms to—
FANG MAIL
MONSTER WORLD
1426 E. Washington Lane
Philadelphia, Pa. 19138

THE HORROR in the LIGHTHOUSE

by Edgar Allan Poe & Robert Bloch

was it an hallucination from the depths of his desperate mind or a she-creature from the fathomless depths of the haunted midnight sea?

FOREWORD

Every ghoulboy reader of FAMOUS MONSTERS is familiar with the terror tales of Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Black Cat".
"The Tell-Tale Heart".
"The Pit & the Pendulum".
"The Masque of the Red Death".
"A Descent into the Maelstrom".

The list is long—and frightening.

And everyone not in his right mind is acquainted with the works of Robert Bloch. (They should be—he's given them the works often enough.) Bloch, of PSYCHO fame; and Return of Psycho; Motor Psycho; Psycho Strikes Back; Psycho Illogical; Sicko, Son of Psycho; not to overlook CABINET OF CALIGARI, THE COUCH, STRAIT-JACKET, THE NIGHT WALKER, etc.

This story, originally titled simply "The Lighthouse", was first published in a 1953 issue of Fantastic, a Ziff-Davis magazine to which we are indebted (along with co-author Robert Bloch) for re-publication here.

When Poe died in 1849, he left the story you are about to read unfinished. Robert Bloch could not have completed it at the time as in those days he was only 2 years old. Hoever, a century after the Old Master laid down his pen for the last time, young master Bloch got out of the pen (for the last time—we hope) and completed the story that is about to make you turn on every light in the house—

THE HORROR IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

"The beast burst from his prison and flung himself upon the creature!" (Scene suggested by foto from THE KILLER SHREWS.)

"Her eyes, fishlike & staring, swam closer." (Scene suggested by foto of Belle Donovan in make-up by Geo. Westmore.)

Jan. 1—1796. This day—my first on the lighthouse—I can make this entry in my Diary, as agreed on with DeGraet. As regularly as I *can* keep this journal, I will—but there is no telling what may happen to a man all alone as I am—I may get sick or worse . . . .

So far well! The cutter had a narrow escape—but why dwell on that, since I am *here,* all safe? My spirits are beginning to revive already, at the mere thought of being—for once in my life at least—thoroughly *alone.*

It is strange that I never observed, until this moment, how dreary a sound that word has—"alone"! I could half fancy there was some peculiarity in the echo of these cylindrical walls—but oh, no!—that is all nonsense. I do believe I am going to get nervous about my insulation. *That* will never do. I have not forgotten DeGraet's prophecy.

Jan. 2. I have passed this day in a state that I find it impossible to describe. My passion for solitude could scarcely have been more thoroughly gratified.

Jan. 3. A dead calm all day. Towards evening, the sea looked very much like glass. A few seaweeds came in sight; but besides them absolutely *nothing* all day—not even the slighest speck of cloud . . . . Occupied myself in exploring the lighthouse . . .

Jan. 4. I am now prepared to resume work on my book. Already I have carried enough oil, water & food to the upper levels to last me for an entire month—I need stir from my two rooms only to replenish the wicks.

For the rest, I am free! utterly free—for my time is my own, and in this lofty realm I rule as King. I am master of the sun that rises from the sea at dawn, emperor of wind and monarch of the gale, sultan of the waves that sport or roar in rolling torrents about the base of my palace pinnacle. I command the moon in the heavens, and the very ebb & flow of the tide does homage to my reign.

But enough of fancies—DeGraet warned me to refrain from morbid or from grandiose speculation—now I shall take up in all earnestness the task that lies before me.

Jan. 11. A week has passed since my last entry in this diary, and as I read it over, I can scarce comprehend that it was I who penned those words.

Alone! I, who breathed the word as if it were some mystic incantation bestowing peace, have come— I realize it now to loathe the very sound. And the ghastliness of meaning I know full well.

The world is 200 miles away; I will not know it again for an entire year. And it in turn—but no more! I cannot put down my thoughts while in the grip of this morbid mood.

Jan. 13. Two more days—two more centuries!—have passed. Can it be less than two weeks since I was immured in this prison tower? I mount the turret of my dungeon and gaze at the horizon; I am not hemmed in by bars of steel but by columns and pillars and webs of wild and raging water. The sea has changed; gray skies have wrought a wizardry so that I stand surrounded by a tumult that threatens to become a tempest.

I endlessly pace the narrow, circular confines

"Only a moment, and then the waves overwhelmed it." (Scene suggested by foto from SOULS FOR SALE.)

of my tower of torment.

Wild words, these? And yet I am not alone in my affliction—my dog Neptune feels it too. Perhaps it is but the approach of the storm that agitates him so—for Nature bears closer kinship with the beast.

I have just mounted to the platform and gazed out at the spectacle of gathering storm. The waves are fantastically high; they sweep against the lighthouse in titanic tumult. I am surrounded by a billowing blackness thundering against me . . . .

Back below now, as lightning flickers. I will set down a further statement. I must, if only to prove to myself that reason again prevails. In writing of my venture up to the platform—my viewing of the sea & sky—I omitted to mention the meaning of a single moment. There came upon me, as I gazed down at the black & boiling madness of the waters below, a wild & willful craving to become one with it. But why should I disguise the naked truth?—I felt an insane impulse to hurl myself into the sea!

It has passed now; passed, I pray, forever. I did not yield to this perverse prompting and I am back here in my quarters, writing calmly once again. Yet the fact remains—the hideous urge to destroy myself came suddenly, and with the force of one of those monstrous waves.

And what—I force myself to realize—was the meaning of my demented desire? It was that I sought escape, escape from loneliness. It was as if by mingling with the sea and the storm I would no longer be *alone.*

But I defy the elements. I defy the powers of the earth and of the heavens. Alone I am, alone I *must* be—and come what may, I shall survive! My laughter rises above all your thunder!

So—ye spirits of the storm—blow, howl, rage, hurl your watery weight against my fortress—I am greater than you in all your powers. But wait! Neptune . . . .something has happened to the creature—I must attend him.

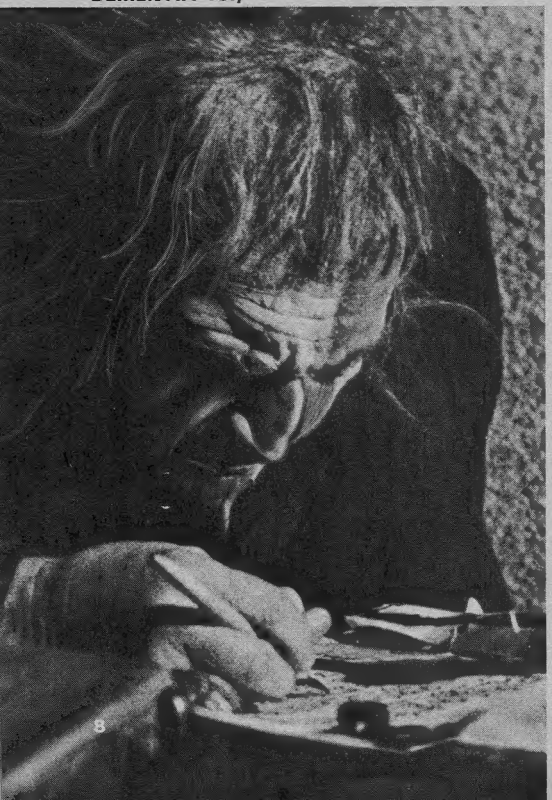
Jan. 16. The storm is abated. I am back at my desk now, alone—truly alone. I have locked poor Neptune in the store-room below; the unfortunate beast seems driven out of his wits by the forces of the storm.

How shall I describe the horrors of the storm I faced *alone?*

There is no need to write of the fancies & fantasies which assailed me through those unhallowed

"I am now prepared to resume work on my book." (Scene suggested by a foto from A BUCKET OF BLOOD.)

"*She* was from below, where the drowned dead lie dreaming, and I had awakened her and clothed her with a horrid life. A life that thirsted, and must drink" (Scene suggested by a foto from DEMENTIA 13.)



hours. At times I felt that the lighthouse was giving way and that I would be swept into the sea. At times I knew myself to be a victim of a colossal plot—I cursed DeGraet for sending me, knowingly, to my doom. At times (and these were the worst moments of all) I felt the full force of loneliness, crashing down upon me in waves higher than those wrought by water.

But all has passed, and the sea—and myself—are calm again. A peculiar calmness, this; as I gaze out upon the water there are certain phenomena I was not aware of until this very moment.

Before setting down my observations, let me reassure myself that I am, indeed, *quite* calm; no trace of my former tremors or agitation yet remains. The momentary madness caused by the storm had departed and my brain is free of phantasms—indeed, my senses seem to be sharpened to an unusual extent.

It is almost as though I find myself in possession of an additional sense, an ability to analyze and penetrate beyond former limitations superimposed by Nature.

The water on which I gaze is placid once more. The sky is only lightly leaden in hue. But wiatlow on the horizon creeps a sudden flame! It is the sun, the Arctic sun in sullen splendor, emerging momentarily from the pall to redden the ocean. Sun & sky, sea & air about me, turn to blood.

Can it be I who but a moment ago wrote of returned, regained sanity? I, who have just shrieked aloud, "Alone!"—and half-rising from my chair, heard the muffled booming echo through the lonely lighthouse, its sepulchral accent intoning "Alone!" in answer? It may be that I am, despite all resolution, going mad; if so, I pray the end comes soon.

Jan. 18. There will be no end! I have conceived a notion, a theory which my heightened faculties soon will test; I shall embark upon an experiment . . .

Jan. 26. A week has passed here in my solitary prison. Solitary?—perhaps, but not for long. The experiment is proceeding. I must set down what has occurred.

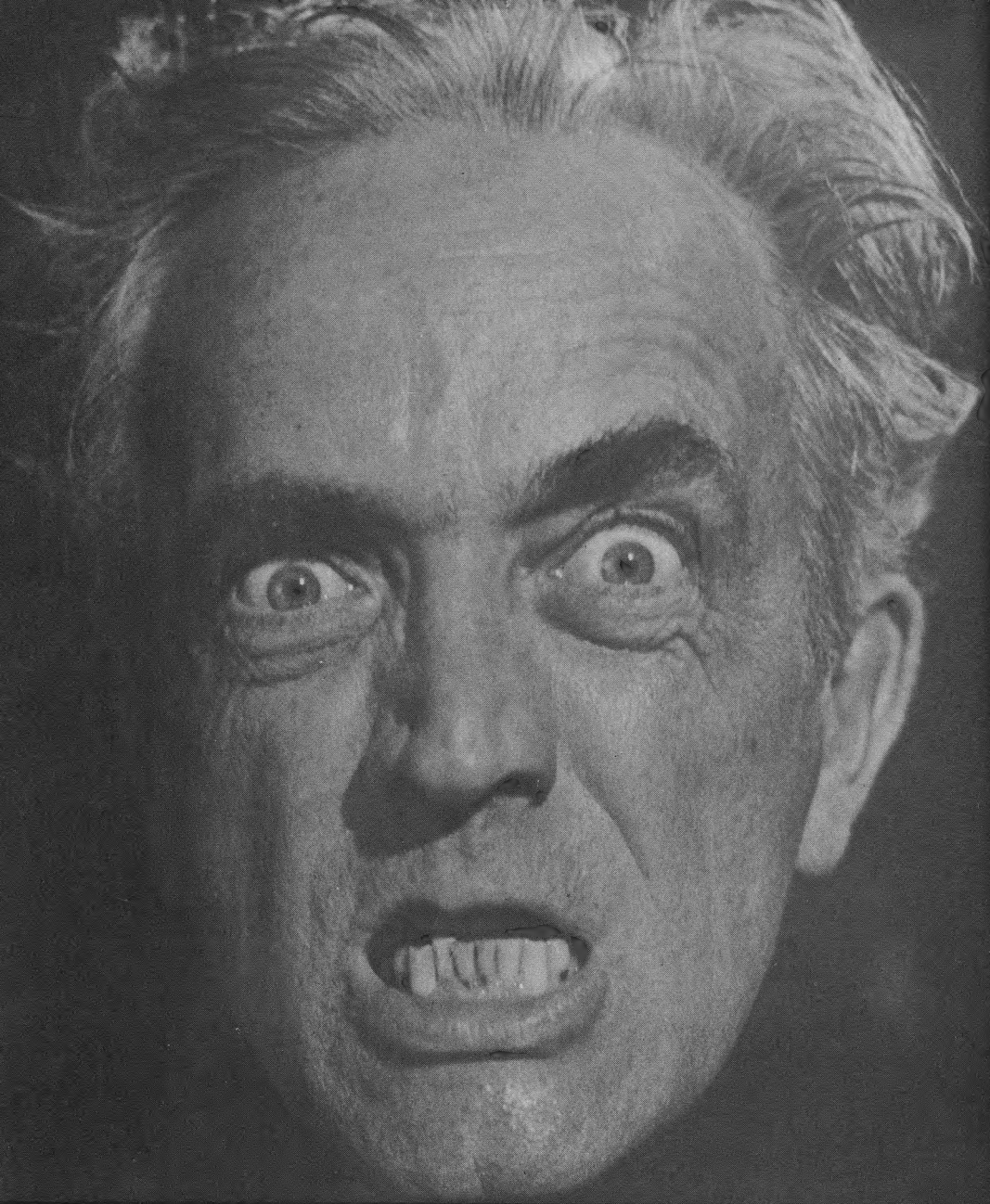
The sound of the echo set me to thinking. One sends out one's voice and it comes back. One sends out one's thoughts and—can it be that there is a response? Sound, as we know, travels in waves & patterns. The emanations of the brain, perhaps, travel similarly. And they are not confined by physical laws of time, space, or *duration.*

Can one's thoughts produce a reply that *materializes,* just as one's voice produces an echo? An echo is a product of a certain vacuum. A thought . . . Concentration is the key to my experiment.

Concentration, by its very nature, is a difficult task: I addressed myself to it with no little fear. Strive but to remain seated quietly with a mind "empty" of all thought, and one finds in the space of a very few minutes that the errant body is engaged in all manner of distracting movement—foot tapping, finger twisting, facial grimacing.

This I managed to over come after a matter of many hours—my first three days were virtually exhausted in an effort to rid myself of nervous agitation and assume the inner & outer tranquil-

"Hallucination, vision, apparition? Pale & trembling, arisen from the depths of the sea." (Scene suggested by foto from THE MASK.)



"I am master of a power greater than earth or space or time!" The mad author in the Lighthouse, specially posed for *FM* by actor Fritz Lieber.

"Long-drowned & dead, risen from the slime and to that slime returning." (Scene suggested by foto from TORMENTED.)

ity of the Indian *fakir*. Then came the task of "filling" the empty consciousness—filling it completely with *one* intense and concentrated effort of will.

What echo could I bring forth from nothingness? What companionship would I seek here in my loneliness? What was the sign or symbol I desired? What symbolized to me the whole absent world of life & light?

DeGraet would laugh me to scorn if he but knew the concept that I chose. Yet I, the cynical, the jaded, searched my soul, plumbed my longing, and found that which I most desired—a simple sign, a token of all the earth removed: a fresh & growing flower, a *rose!*

Yes, a simple rose is what I have sought—a rose, torn from its living stem, perfumed with the sweet incarnation of life itself. Seated here before the window I have dreamed, I have mused, I have then concentrated with every fiber of my being upon a *rose.*

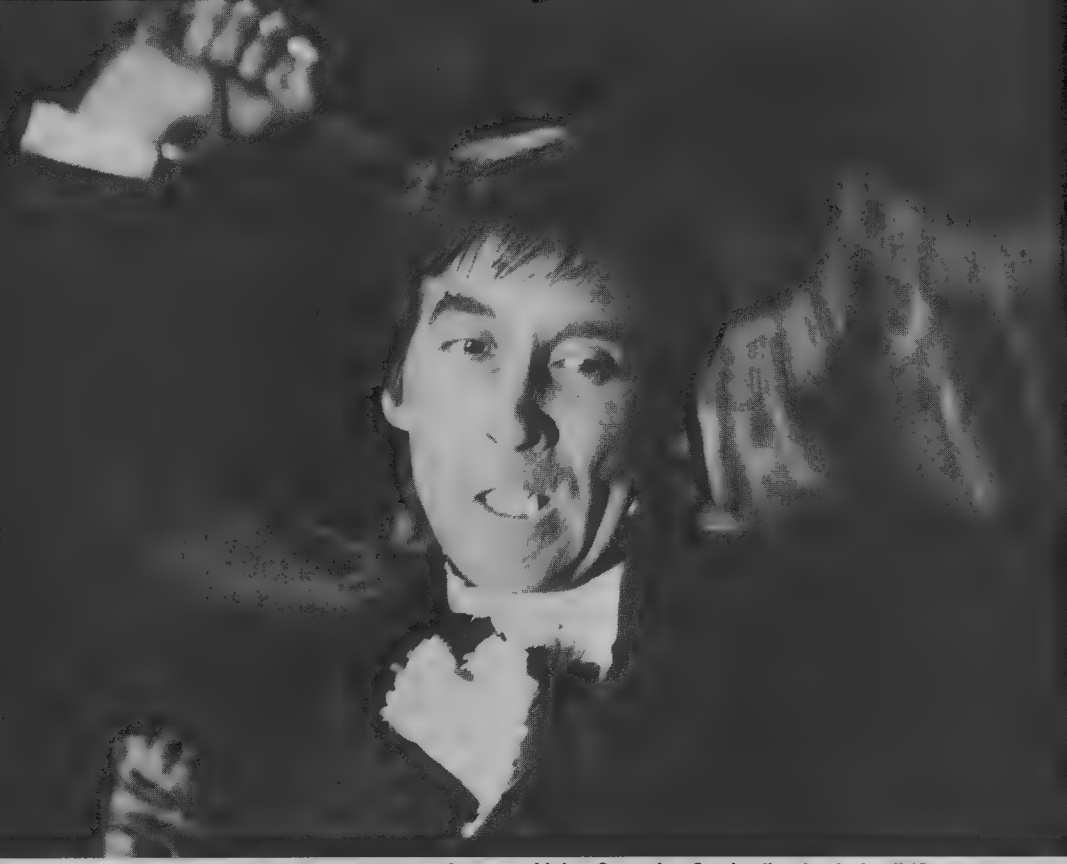
My mind was filled with redness—not the redness of the sun upon the sea, or the redness of blood, but the rich & radiant redness of the rose. My soul was suffused with the scent of a rose: as I brought my faculties to bear exclusively on the image, these walls fell away, the walls of my very flesh fell away, and I seemed to merge in the texture, the odor, the color, the actual *essence* of a rose.

Shall I write of this, the 7th day, when seated at the window as the sun emerged from the sea, I felt the commanding of my consciousness? Shall I write of rising, descending the stairs, opening the iron door at the base of the lighthouse and peering out at the billows that swirled at my very feet? Shall I write of stopping, of grasping, or holding?

Shall I write that I have indeed descended those iron stairs and returned here with my wave-borne trophy—*that this very day, from waters 200 miles distant from any shore, I have reached down and plucked a fresh rose?*

Jan. 28. It has not withered! I keep it before me constantly in a vase on this table, and it is a priceless ruby plucked from dreams. It is real—as real as the howls of poor Neptune, who senses that something odd is afoot. His frantic barking does not disturb me; nothing disturbs me, for I am master of a power greater than earth or space or time. And I shall use this power, now, to bring me the final boon. Here in my tower I have become quite the philosopher. I realize my need is simply this—Companionship. And now, with the power that is mine to control, I shall have it!

Jan. 30. The storm has returned, but I pay it no heed; nor do I mark the howlings of Neptune, although the beast is now literally dashing himself against the door of the store-room. One might



"My dog Neptune was worked into a frenzy, whining & pawing & wheeling in circles." (Scene suggested by Christopher Lee in European horror film.)

fancy that his efforts are responsible for the shuddering of the very lighthouse itself, but no; it is the fury of the Northern gale. I pay it no heed, as I say, but I fully realize that this storm surpasses in extent and intensity anything I could imagine as witness to its predecessor.

Yet it is unimportant; even though the light above me flickers and threatens to be extinguished by the sheer velocity of wind that seeps through these stout walls; even though the ocean sweeps against the foundations with a force that makes solid stone seem as flimsy as straw; even though the sky is a single black roaring mouth that yawns low upon the horizon to engulf me.

For the past several days I have bent my faculties to my will, concentrating utterly and to the uttermost upon the summoning of a Companion.

This Companion will be—I confess it!—a woman; a woman far surpassing the limitations of common mortality. She is the woman of whom I have always dreamed. DeGraet would scoff that she is but the figment of a dream—but DeGraet did not see the rose.

It was the rose which I set before me when first I composed myself to this new effort of will. I gazed at it intently until vision faded, senses stilled, and I lost myself in the attempt of conjuring up my vision of a Companion.

Hours later, the sound of rising waters from without aroused me. I gazed about, my eyes sought the reassurance of the rose and rested only upon a *foulness*. Where the rose had risen proudly in its vase, red crest rampant upon a living stem, I now perceived only a noxious, utterly detestable strand of ichorous decay. No rose this, but only seaweed; rotted, noisome and putrescent. I flung it away, but for long moments I could not banish a wild presentiment—was it true that I had deceived myself? Was it a weed, and only a weed I plucked from the ocean's breast? Did the force of my thought momentarily invest it with the attributes of a rose? Would anything I called up from the depths—the depths of sea or the depths of consciousness—be *truly* real?

Once again now I shall lay my pen aside and return to the great task—the task of "creation", if

"Mad or sane, it does not matter. I know now that the lighthouse will shatter & fall. I am already shattered, and must fall with it." (Scene suggested by Christopher Lee in European horror film.)

you will and I shall not fail. The fear (I admit it!) of loneliness is enough to drive me forward to unimaginable brinks. She, and she alone, can save me, shall save me, *must* save me! I can see her now . . . Somewhere upon these storm-tossed seas she *exists*, I know it and wherever she may be, my call will come to her and she will respond. *Jan. 31.* The command came at midnight. Roused from the depths of the most profound innermost communion by a thunderclap, I rose as though in the grip of somnambulistic compulsion and moved down the spiral stairs.

The lantern I bore trembled in my hand; its light wavered in the wind, and the very iron treads beneath my feet shook with the furious force of the storm. The booming of the waves as they struck the lighthouse walls seemed to place me within the center of a maelstrom of ear-shattering sound, yet over the demoniacal din I could detect the frenzied howls from poor Neptune as I passed the door behind which he was confined. The door shook with the combined force of the wind and of his still desperate efforts to free himself--but I hastened on my way, descending to the iron door at the base of the lighthouse.

To open it required the use of both hands, and I set the lantern down at one side. To open it, moreover, required the summoning of a resolution I scarcely possessed for beyond that door was the force & fury of the wildest storm that ever shrieked across these seething seas.

I *knew*, I thrilled to the certainty that *she* was without the iron portal.

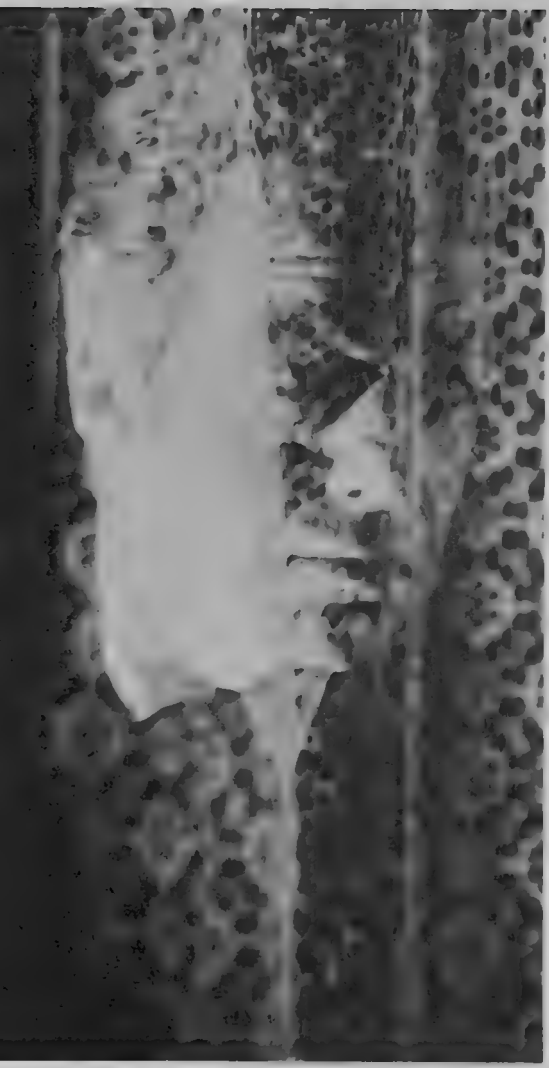
I unbolted the door. The door swung open—blew open roared open and the storm burst upon me, a ravening monster of black-mouthed waves capped with white fangs The sea & sky surged forward as if to attack, and I stood enveloped in Chaos. A flash of lightning revealed the immensity of utter nightn are.

I saw it not, for the same lash illumined the form of *she* who I sought.

Hallucination? Vision?

Apparition?

My trembling fingers sought, and found, their answer. Her flesh was real cold as the icy water



"I can ascribe the alteration in my feelings to naught but some inner alchemy; enough to say that a distrubing change has taken place." (Foto suggesting this scene taken from TERROR IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.)

from whence she came, but palpable and permanent. I thought of the storm, of doomed ships and drowning men, of a girl cast upon the waters and struggling towards the succor of the lighthouse beacon. I thought of a thousand explanations, a thousand miracles, a thousand riddles or reasons beyond rationality. Yet only one thing mattered—my Companion was here, and I had but to step forward and take her in my arms.

No word was spoken, nor could one be heard in all that Inferno. No word was needed, for she smiled. Pale lips parted—and I saw the pointed teeth, set in rows like those of a shark. Her eyes, fishlike & staring, swam closer. As I recoiled, her arms came up to cling, and they were cold as the waters beneath, cold as the storm, cold as death.

In one monstrous moment I *knew*, knew with uttermost certainty, that the power of my will had indeed summoned, the call of my consciousness *had* been answered. But the answer came not from the living, for nothing lived in this storm. I had sent my will out over the waters, but the will penetrates all dimesions, and my answer had come from *below* the waters. *She* was from below, where the drowned dead lie dreaming, and I had awakened her and clothed her with a horrid life. A life that thirsted, and must drink . . . .

I think I shrieked, then, but I heard no sound. Certainly, I did not hear the howls from Neptune as the beast, burst from his prison, bounded down the stairs and flung himself upon the creature.

His furry form bore her back and obscured my vision; in an instant she was falling backwards, away, into the sea that spawned her. Then, and only then, did I catch a glimpse of the final moment of animation in that which my consciousness had summoned. Lightning seared the sight inexorably upon my soul—the sight of the ultimate blasphemy I had created in my pride. The rose had wilted . . .

The rose had wilted and become seaweed. And now, *she* was gone and in her place was the bloated, swollen body of a thing long-drowned and dead, risen from the slime and to that slime returning.

Only a moment, and then the waves overwhelmed it, bore it back into the blackness. Only a moment, and the door was slammed shut. Only a moment, and I raced up the iron stairs, Neptune yammering at my heels. Only a moment, and I reached the safety of this sanctuary.

Safety? There is no safety in the universe for me, no safety here—the wrath of the waves in creases with every moment, the anger of the sea and its creatures rises to an inevitable crescendo.

Mad or sane, it does not matter, for the end is the same in either case. I know now that the lighthouse will shatter and fall. I am already shattered, and must fall with it.

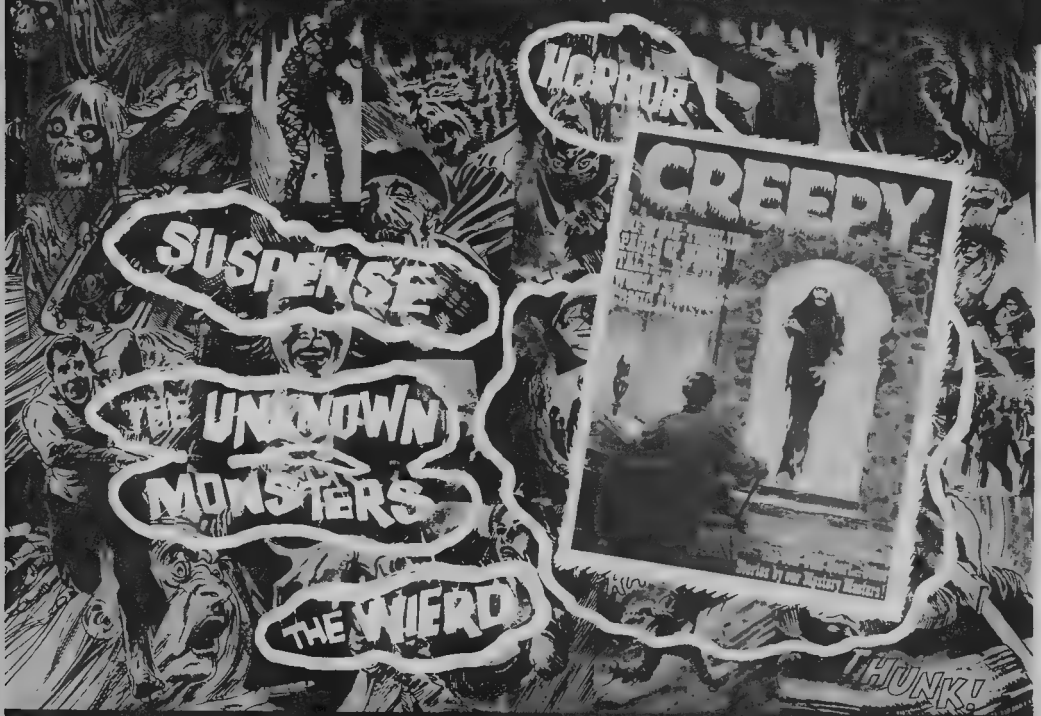
There is time only to gather these notes, strap them securely in a cylinder and attack it to Neptune's collar. It may be that he can swim, or cling to a fragment of debris. It may be that a ship, passing by this toppling beacon, may stay and search the waters for a sign—and thus find and rescue the gallant beast.

That ship shall not find me.I go with the lighthouse, and go willingly, down to the dark depths. Perhaps I shal join my Companion there forever. Perhaps . . . .

The lighthouse is trembling. The beacon flickers above my head and I hear the rush of waters in their final onslaught. There is—yes—a wave, bearing down upon me. It is higher than the tower, it blots out the sky itself, everything . . . .

END

CREEPY



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FRANKENSTEIN

FRANKENSTEIN

FRANKENSTEIN

...1970

Boris Karloff in the Allied Artists thriller of 1958 which predicted the re-discovery of the Frankenstein monster 5 years hence.

Baron Frankenstein gazing at the door of the tomb inscribed *Richard Freiherr von Frankenstein I.*

"I, Frankenstein, began my work in the year 1740 A.D., with all good intentions and humane thoughts, to the high purpose of probing the secrets of Life itself, for but one end, the betterment of Mankind."

"Ha! So wrote my celebrated *ancestor*. But first, he had to learn how flesh was made; he had to discover the art of transplanting vital organs from human beings into his creature and knitting them together until they had all the attributes of God-inspired birth.

"Of course one must admit that perhaps he was not too scrupulous about where he got his 'raw materials', but after 17 years, his labors were at last rewarded . . . He created a *living man!* But to his horror, what did he discover but that his creation was a Monster—hideous, foul, its evil brain with but one thought, that of survival. In order to survive, it killed and *killed* and *killed again!*—until it became the very image of the Devil incarnate.

"Then he realized what he created, he must kill, for because he was the creator, he could not bring himself to destroy it . . . utterly. In this stone sarcophagus, deep in the bowels of the earth, he buried his creature, his creation, in a passage in an ancient vault of the family burial place. He sealed it away for all time, without vital organs of soul so that *nevermore* could it bring terror to mortal man or challenge God, the only true creator for whose merciful forgiveness he prayed . . ."

END

It's all right—Boris [illegible] to worry about [illegible]

FACES THAT LAUNCHED 1000 SHRIEKS

There is nothing quite like a good Fiendish Face to bring out the best in a monster fan.

The best *shrieks*, that is.

By popular request of absolutely no one (we wouldn't lie to you) we present herewith the gravest rogue's ghoullery of world-infamous faces since Rudolph Vaselino appeared in *The Shriek & The Son of The Shriek*. Here are horrors which you might well expect to find featured in our companion magazine's *Hall of Flame*. Each face (!) is guaranteed to put butterflies in your stomach (dark in there, isn't it?—Ed.) that would be better as your money will be cheerlessly refunded.

—100 years from now.

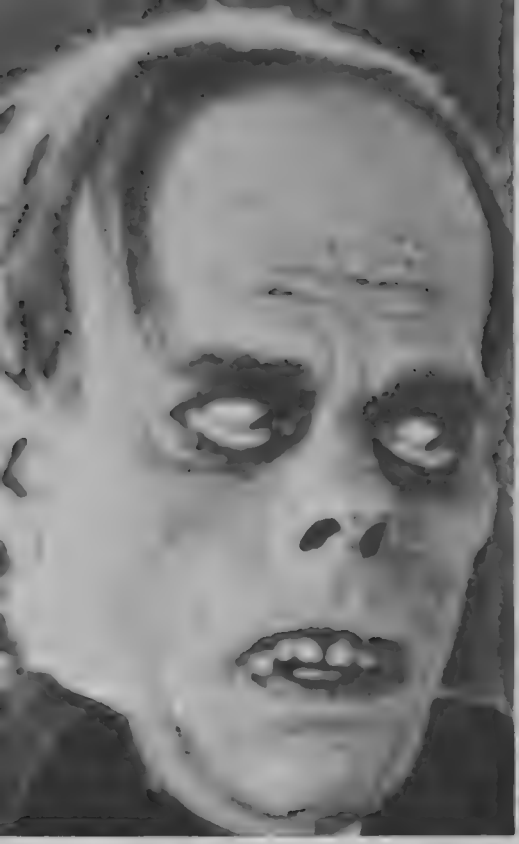
We hope you agree this article is a scream

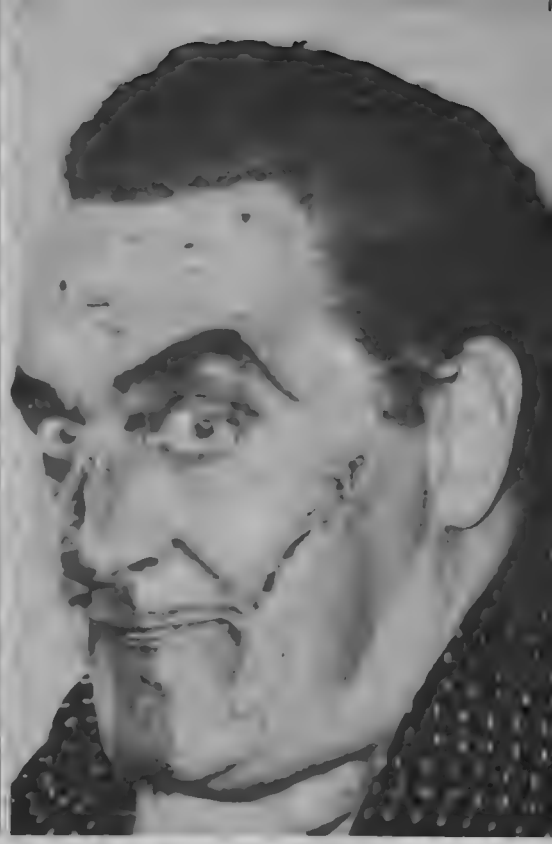
smile--you're on Candead Monster

First off we're confronted by the toothsome terror from KILLER APE, a 1953 Columbia re-

a gallery of fiendish faces from way-out places

Meet Killer Diller, star of KILLER APE. He has buck teeth – but who cares how much he paid for them?





THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA MEETS THE ABOMINABLE ACKERMONSTER!

lease starring Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller in the rugged role of Jungle Jim. Jungle Jim had stumbled on the trail of a murderous creature, presumably half man & half ape, which had raided several native villages, sending the inhabitants into panic.

Jungle Jim, with the assistance of several "white hunters", succeeded in tracking down the monster, then came his biggest problem: to capture the creature and somehow keep him from escaping.

Of course, the beastman *did* escape again, and in order to find out how the story ended we had to wait until after the commercial.

For *I, Buana* toothpaste!

skull-face the great

It is doubtful to us on the staff of *MW* that there ever was—or ever will be—a face more terrifying than that of the one & only PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. Lon Chaney's greatest characterization, his greatest contribution to the world of horror films, cannot be erased from the minds of those who witnessed the unveiling of the Phantom's face even once in their lifetime.

This skull-like visage extends a strange fascination over all who behold it. It is symbolic of horror, bridging the gulf between Life & Death, with all the appearance of a corpse, yet with the animation of a living human being.

There have been 2 remakes of the silent classic, and one Mexican take-off; but none could hold a candle to the original. They all lacked that special quality—that aura of *believable* horror, that sense of having glimpsed something which should never have been seen in one's lifetime—which makes the 1925 film the unforgettable experience it is.

Lon Chaney & The Phantom of the Opera shall not die!

face behind the scenes

Also in this article appears another so-called "face" which Vince Price thinks should be cut off and hung in the Hall of Flames—*with real flames.* His closest fiends consider him as horrifying as The Phantom. He doesn't look that horrifying, you say?

Well, consider this:

ELSA LANCHESTER KARLS OFF HER ENGAGEMENT TO MONSTER BORIS!

It's the face of The Editor of *MONSTER WORLD!*

The hideous Ackermonster!

Without make-up, even!

Yes, we thought you'd finally agree . . .

devilish duo

Question: Who is the most famous couple in monsterdom?

The Munsters, Lily & Herman? No.

The Addams Family, Morticia & Gomez? No.

Bewitched, Darrin & Samantha? No.

Frankenstein's Monster & his Bride! From THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, (1935 Universal) of course!

Once upon a midnite eerie, while Henry Frankenstein *(Colin Clive)* pondered, weak & weary, and sinister Dr. Pretorious *(Ernest Thesiger)* paced to & fro across the floor . . .

The Monster had demanded a mate, and Frankenstein had been forced to submit to his wishes when Pretorious had kidnapped his bride. Now the Monster's mate, created by the joint talents of Frankenstein & Pretorious, lay swathed in bandages to await the suspenseful "marriage".

She moved—she was alive.

Karloff plodded heavily into the room and gazed wistfully at the not-quite-human creature who was to become Mrs. Monster. Slowly her creators unwound the bandages from her face as The Monster stared on with anticipation.

the bride who cried

Finally the bandages lay on the floor and the face of The Bride *(Elsa Lanchester)* was revealed. She turned her head from side to side with jerking birdlike movements, looking all about her thru the wide eyes of one who had never lived before.

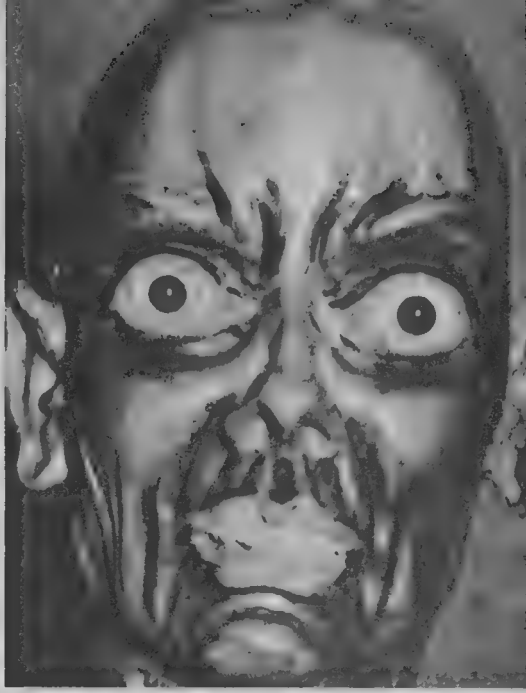
The Monster smiled and took her hand. She turned to him, eyebrows flaring up in a look of amazement & terror.

She—*skreeked!*

While to her, the face of The Monster had been the face that launched the shrieks, to the spellbound audience both were pretty horrible.

If screams could be hung in picture frames, we would enshrine the scream of Elsa Lanchester with those of Fay Wray and other super-shriekers in our Hall of Pain, in Batlantic City, Transylvania.

Witch woman from Bert Gordon's MAGIC SWORD.



Mystery Foto! Do you recognize her?

FRANKENSTEIN'S EXPERIMENT, scarring Aub Marks.

On these pages you may find several faces rarely, if ever, seen before in any human magazine.

Among these is the blood-curdling visage of a character from the serial DRUMS OF FU MANCHU. Sax Rohmer's "insidious" creation had again gone on a rampage in this film and set out to conquer the world with the aid of his vampirish assistants, one of whom is pictured in these pages.

Note the weird expression in his eyes and the curious angle of his fangs. He had just been asked the question: How does a Fu Man Chew?

that's the way the prune wrinkles

Speaking of vampirish characters, our old friend Vampira is included in this assembly of fiendish faces.

Can you recognize her?

If you are used to seeing her as the brunet blood-luster among the interplanetary grave-robbers in PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, it is not too likely that you can.

But if you remember that she played a wrinkled & scraggly-haired old hag in Bert I. Gordon's THE MAGIC SWORD, that's a hearse of a different color.

Isn't she lovely? (That's right!—She isn't!)

Strangely enough, she's already gotten several proposals of marriage via mail, delivered from exotic places all over the world.

Like Forest Lawn.

A minion of the mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu!

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack watch out or they'll call you "Old Rip"!

Abbot & Costello play Hyde & Go Sick!

Lycanthropia, Tibet.
Tomb #2, Hamon-Rye, Upper Nile, Egypt.
And the Editorial Offices of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* . . .

the great profile...!

The second of our never-before-seen faces is that of Aub Marks as Ygor in FRANKENSTEIN'S EXPERIMENT, a European amateur movie production by Delta Films.

With that profile Mr. Marks may become another John Barrymore.

Or Bury-more.

Or even one of the Marks Brothers!

(Harpy Marks?)

hidden horror's hideout

Our next face is a mystery.

Quite frankly, we cannot remember ever having seen it before, and no matter how much trouble we go thru in searching for the identity of the creature, we still can find no answer.

Can any readers out there help us?

All we know about it is that while Pat Fielding, scriptwriter, toured the prop department of United Artists she came upon this creature, which wore a dress like that worn by Allison Hayes in THE UNDEAD. Miss Fielding posed with it for publicity shots on the set of her screen story, THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD.

We feel reasonably safe in saying that "it" did not appear in that film.

Or, if it did, we missed it.

Or, possibly, the scene was cut out before final release.

Help!

Send us the answer and win an all-expenses-paid vacation (one way) to Dante's Inferno, where your host Satan Bugg will give you a hot time.

Seriously, we would appreciate any help from readers of *MW* or *FM*.

a ripping good time

Meet JACK THE RIPPER.

Occupation: murderer.

Actually the scene we've shown from the 1959 Paramount release is not that of the actual murderer of that name—obviously!—nor that of the actor who portrayed him. But the man whose identity was revealed as Jack the Ripper in the end didn't even have a fiendish face!

Like they say, Looks are deceiving.

The real Jack the Ripper—who murdered more than half a dozen women in London almost a century ago and fiendishly turned them inside out—was never arrested or executed. Some people say he retired and settled down with a nice little business somewhat along his line.

He ran a butcher shop.

Hydes of a feather

And finally we show a trio of unfamiliar faces (because, let's face it: who would want to get familiar with them?)—the end result of a group of Keystone Kops having drunk a bottle of a potion given to them by a certain sinister Dr. Henry Jekyll.

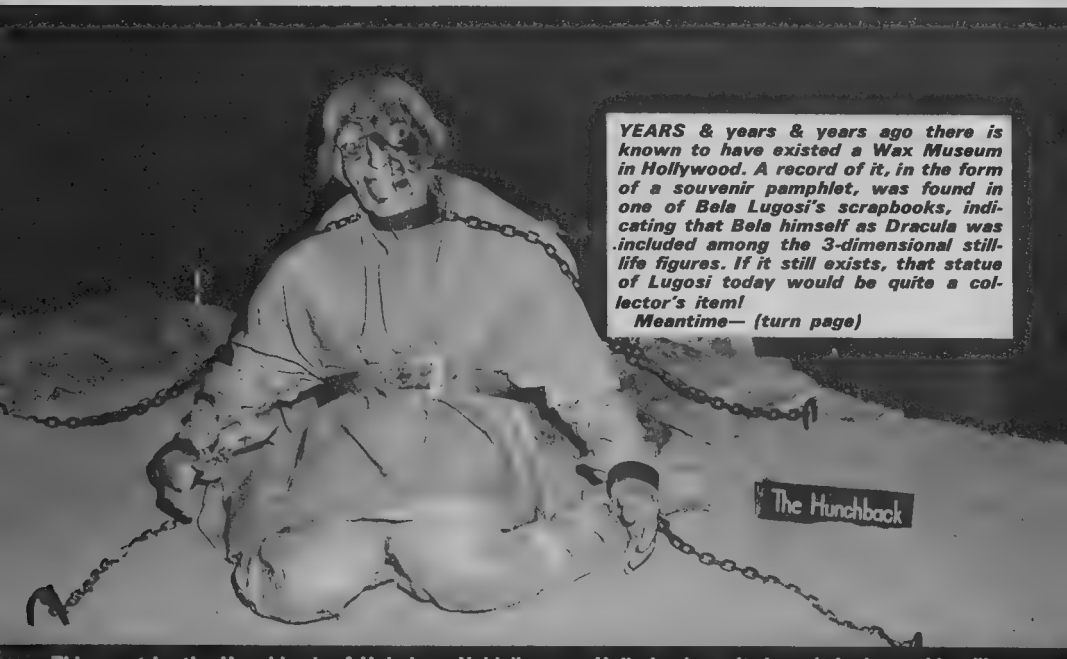
Looks like it must have been Hate Potion #9. Either that or a cure for baldness and the spilled it on their faces by mistake.

If those British "bobbies" could get their hairy paws on the mad doctor, they'd probably tan his Hyde!

END

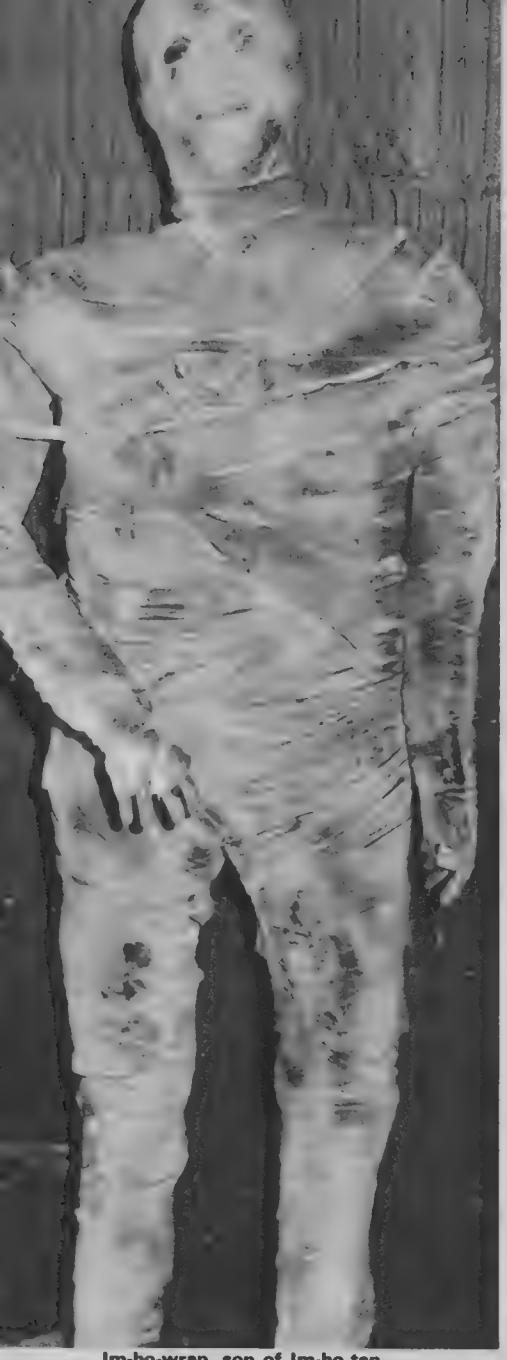
SON OF WAX MUSEUM

horrorwood has its own tallow-vision stars!


YEARS & years & years ago there is known to have existed a Wax Museum in Hollywood. A record of it, in the form of a souvenir pamphlet, was found in one of Bela Lugosi's scrapbooks, indicating that Bela himself as Dracula was included among the 3-dimensional still-life figures. If it still exists, that statue of Lugosi today would be quite a collector's item!
Meantime— (turn page)
The Hunchback

This must be the Hunchback of Hoboken, Heidelberg or Hollerbochen—it doesn't look anything like the Chaney, Laughton or Quinn interpretations. All the same, it's good to have him chained down—even if he is a dummy.

An escapee from our feature *Carry On, Monster!* in *FM* #33 is this wolfman with his wax doll.



Im-ho-wrap, son of Im-ho-tep.

100 years of horror

100 YEARS or more ago, Madame Tussaud founded her world-famous museum of wax figures in London. Jack the Ripper and Bluebeard are a couple of its infamous inmates.

In Karloffornia (on Hollywood Blvd., to be exact) at the end of Jan., a new Wax Museum in the Tussaud tradition was opened to the public. The museum features over 100 lifesize figures valued at a figure of half a million dollars!

Figuring among the macabre figures are many international filmonster favorites.

"The black o' me hand," sez Grandpa Munster as he gives his glove—and a fishy stare—to Jeeper's Keeper.

the unholy 3

Of course, Karloff, Lugosi & Chaney are there, the Big 3 of the Beast Cellar set.

There's also a mummy, a hunchback & a wolfman.

At the opening, where they served horror-d-oeuvres (that's French for finger-food) and Ghoulaid, with a drink called Djinn Fizzes for the grownups, television cameramen were on hand to record the opening and interview celebrities present.

We saw Grandpa Munster carrying a copy of *MW* with his picture on the cover. TV Master of Scarymonies, Jeeper's Keeper, was there, signing autographs for his fans.

The Museum also has a chamber of Horrors with a full-size working guillotine and certain Inquisitional instruments about which it doesn't pay to get too inquisitive.

The Museum is open to the public 7 days a week from 10 in the morning till 2 a.m. It's certainly worth a visit.

The *last* thing Count Dracula would do—pound a stake thru the heart of a fellow vampire! No wonder Jeeper's upset.

Starting young! Joni Harder puts the mark of the brownie vampire on Jeeper's Keeper.

With a build more like Cesare the Sleepwalker (Conrad Veidt) in the original CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI and a head of hair that might belong to a Beatle-type singer, King Karloff is nevertheless recognizable as the Frankenstein Monster of 1931. Next to him is concept of Chaney Sr. as PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. Two friends in real life, preserved in wax for long years to come.

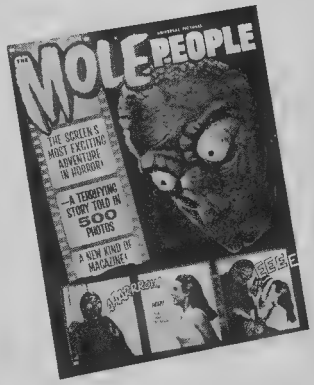
30

END

EXCITING FILM STORY

MOLE PEOPLE

500 photos

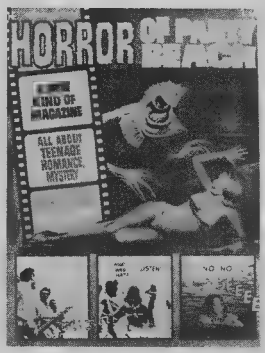

THE MOLE PEOPLE
THE SCREEN'S MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE IN HORROR!
A TERRIFYING STORY TOLD IN 500 PHOTOS
A NEW KIND OF MAGAZINE!

FROM A LOST AGE . . . HORROR CRAWLS FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH! . . . A SAVAGE CIVILIZATION A MILLION YEARS OLD, RAGING WITH BLOOD-LUSTING FURY!

teen-age twisting! NIGHTMARE! MAYHEM!

HORROR of PARTY BEACH

OUT OF THE SEA THEY CAME!!!



. . . OUT OF THE SEA THEY CAME . . . TRANSFORMING A CAREFREE, TWISTING AND FROLIC-FILLED TEENAGE BEACH PARTY INTO A NIGHTMARE OF MONSTERS, MYSTERY & MAYHEM!

Curse of FRANKENSTEIN

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FLASH to me!

IT CONQUERED THE WORLD ...ALMOST!

The THING... with the "Flying Fingers"

Back in 1966, before he discovered Edgar Allan Poe, producer Roger Corman loosed the Horrible Cucumber Creature on an unsuspecting public. His monster movie was called IT CONQUERED THE WORLD and in it a creature from space rode an artificial satellite back to earth in an attempt to take over the people of our planet. Once here, the interplanetary beast released 8 small wing-things—like otherworldly bats with fangs & claws. These miniature monstrosities attached victims and sank their sharp little nubs in their necks, causing them to become endo-mentally controlled voodoo, robots with no will of their own, slaves to the super-thing from space. Things looked dark for the human race till—well, see it on TV!

The Q-kumber creature reduces the earth's number by one as its pincer-like claw squeezes the life from scientist (Lee Van Cleef) who believed it came in friendship only to have his goodwill betrayed.

Beverly Garland is wide-eyed in terror as Q-creature directs winged messenger of menace (top left square) to attach her. Once in the grasp of the "flying fingers" she will become as a sleepwalker in a dream.

END 33

"DEAR MR. LEE"

His Majesty the British King of Monsters replies...

It took a lot longer to make up for the role than to make up with the girl! Chris as Kharis.

An original interpretation of Dracula. Lee has never seen Lugosi's version! (From Hammer's HORROR OF DRACULA, 1958.)

Lee puts his best foot forward as, with the magnified strength of a mummy, he makes a mishmash of the wire mesh in THE MUMMY, 1959 Universal release.

1—Q. Did you ever base your acting on predecessors in your monster portrayals; that is, did you study former Frankenstein monsters, vampires & mummies, or did you decide on your own methods of acting?

A. *I have never based by performances on those of other actors, and have not seen Lugosi's DRACULA or Karloff's MUMMY. I did see the latter's FRANKENSTEIN but could not re-produce it even if I had wanted to, as the copyright was strictly reserved. All my professional portrayals were out of my own mind.*

2—Q. What are your favorite supernatural tales?

A. *My favorite supernatural tales are those by Poe, Arthur Machen, Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood, HPLovecraft & Ray Bradbury.*

3—Q. How would you define horror & terror?

A. *I would define horror & terror as basically the same emotions.*

4—Q. How long did it take to make up for your role in THE MUMMY and to put in the teeth for DRACULA?

A. *It took over an hour and a half to make up for THE MUMMY and a few seconds to slip on the plastic teeth caps used in DRACULA.*

5—Q. Since it seems that in most of your movies you never make it to the last reel, do you find it difficult doing so many different death scenes?

A. *It is indeed increasingly difficult to portray death scenes in a very different way, as there are only so many forms of extinction and most of them have been exhausted. I try to react as the character concerned would do, with regard to the situation and the surroundings, and to make each fresh ending a completely new experience for the audience. But it is extremely difficult.*

6—Q. Is there any great actor of the past or present whom you expecially admire? Why?

A. *There are so many actors both past & present that I admire that it is very difficult to pick out any particular one. I suppose that the names that come most frequently to mind are Conrad Veidt, Lon Chaney, Emil Jannings, Raimu & Chaplin. All of them had a great personal magic, they were all great artists, with grandeur, stature, presence and a complete mastery of their craft. Of the moderns, I most admire actors like Fonda, Paul Newman and perhaps Brando, for the same reasons in a slightly diminished degree.*

7—Q. How was the effect of the blood-red eyes obtained in HORROR OF DRACULA? Was a chemical irritant used?

A. *The blood-red eye effect in DRACULA was obtained by the use of tinted contact lenses. A great irritant to the eyes because of the thickness of the lens.*

8—Q. Did you use a stand-in during the fight sequence with Peter Cushing at the climax of HORROR OF DRACULA?

A. *I did not use a stand-in during the fight sequence. I have hardly ever used a stand-in and never during a fight. Peter Cushing had a stand-in for the run along the table and the jump on to the curtain.*

9—Q. Were you asked to star in BRIDES OF DRACULA (the sequel to HORROR OF DRACULA) and if so, why did you turn it down?

A. *I was not asked to star in THE BRIDES OF DRACULA as the character did not appear at all in the film.*

Lee also gives his rating of the son of Chaney Sr., shown here in CBS/TV's *Route 66* riot with Karloff & Lorre also in the telecast.

Read the article and learn one horror star's opinion of another — namely, Bela Lugosi, here seen in scene from THE APE MAN.

10—Q. When you are called upon to play the part of some character with a beard and long hair, must you have it grown or is this done by make-up?
It depends entirely which is the most convenient as to whether I grow a beard or have one stuck on. In THE DEVIL SHIP PIRATES I grew my own beard as this saves trouble in application particularly during the hot weather. But there are times when the quick application of a wig or a mustache are far easier and less an irritant. As in THE GORGON.

11—Q. Would it bother you (as it has some actors) to be labelled in the category of "horror actor"?
It does not bother me to be labelled as a horror actor although it is rather a misnomer. The great thing these days is to be remembered for some particular niche or angle which you can occupy without fear of interference from somebody else. The important thing is to make your mark and to be remembered as an actor who is different from others and can play many differing roles.

12—Q. Do you prefer doing English films by Hammer to the others you do?
I have no preferences in English films. Whichever one that appeals to me most because of the story and the part is the one I like best at the time. Hammer has always scored in quality of production and all-around efficiency.

13—Q. What is your opinion of Lon Chaney Jr. & Bela Lugosi?
My opinion of Lon Chaney Jr. & Bela Lugosi is that they are both great artists (or were in the case of the latter) who always invested everything they have done with complete sincerity and belief and who gave a great deal of thought to every role they have ever portrayed. The true test of an actor.

END

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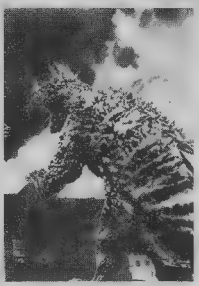

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TERROR TALK

By BILL OBBAGY

NEWS FROM THE GHOUL GAZZETTE

AFTER YEARS of bad guys and monsters, Lon Chaney is finally playing a hero! He's got the starring role in a horse opera called THE TOWN TAMER, which also features such cinema veterans as Richard (ISLAND OF LOST SOULS) Arlen, Bruce (KING KONG) Cabot, and Terry (MIGHTY JOE YOUNG) Moore.

Chaney, I might add, doesn't want to be called Lon Chaney Jr. anymore because he has several grandchildren. Lon's oldest son, Ronald, is 34.

And have you ever wondered what the most famous wolfman of them all thinks of today's horror films? You may be surprised to discover he thinks they're "far too gruesome." That sounds just peachy, coming from an actor who's made a living scaring the wits out of millions. "Horror movies today," he went on, "give me the creeps—and that's saying something.

"Television horror shows don't even rate in my opinion. They lack quality because everyone in the business is more interested in making or saving a buck. In the old monster days," he said with a scowl, "it took months to turn out a real thriller. Now they do it in a couple of weeks.

"I just hope producers will wake up someday and bring back the real monsters—before they kill off horror movies altogether."

* * *

And speaking of killing . . . as of this fall, "The Outer Limits" will be dead. ABC has decided to drop the program because of poor ratings. Some of the top executives working on the show really went to great lengths to keep the series going but the network big-wigs panicked as soon as they got the results of a Late '64 survey. One of the "Outer Limits" producers wound up with a nervous breakdown . . . and, reported Walter Winchell, his partner got so wrapped up with monsters that he started seing them in his home at nite!

But even tho "The Outer Limits" will be fading into the Twilight Zone, we'll have about 5 new programs to chill our macabre-oriented spines. Among the newcomers is "The Ghost Breaker," being shot at MGM. This hour-long show will basically be dramatic . . . with some suspense & humor thrown in for good measure. Top series will have as its main character a young male teacher in a university who specializes in psychic phenomena.

And, ahem! Alerting all Vincent Price fans in the audience. NBC has big plans for the "heir to the throne" which will be announced in "Headlines from Horrorsville" in issue #34 of our companion magazine, FAMOUS MONSTERS.

* * *

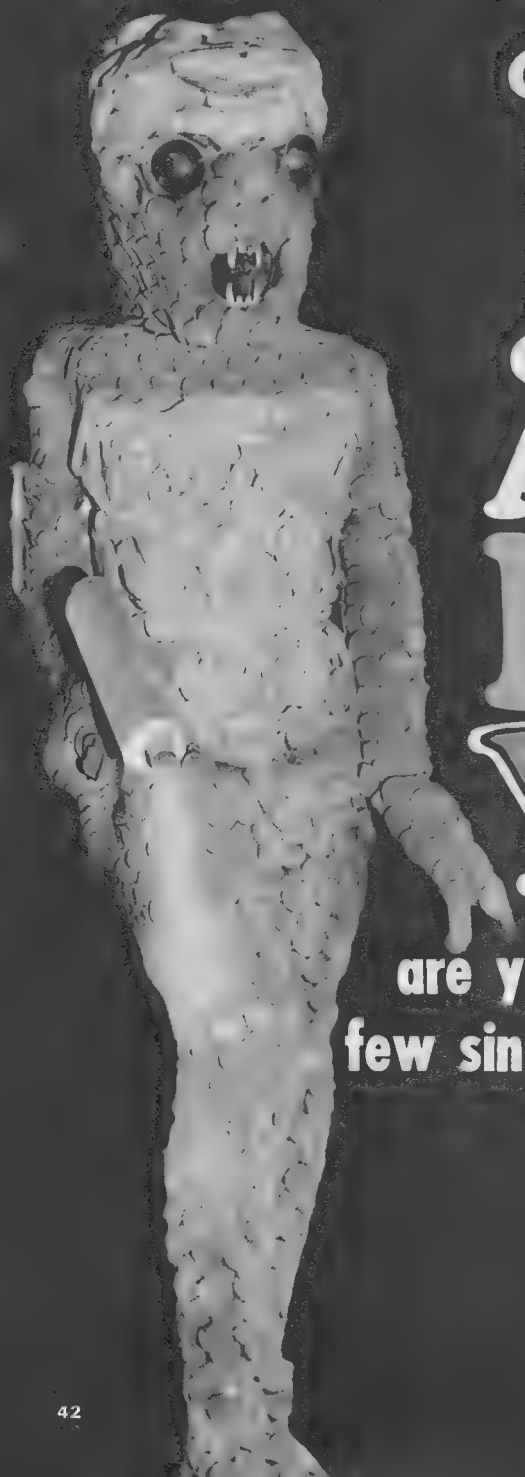
RARE UNDERSEAS volcanic earthquake sequences color lensed last year in Scandinavia have been acquired by American-International for its terror adventure spectacular CITY IN THE SEA, just completed in London.

"Mother Nature has given us a billion dollars worth of uncompensated cooperation in these realistic sequences," Director Jacques Tourneur says. Vincent Price, Susan Hart, Tab Hunter & David Tomlinson are starred in AIP's latest sci-fi film, which should be in release by the time this ish of MW hits the stands.

* * *

MAILA "VAMPIRA" NURMI is finished with show business. At least . . . that's what she told us.

To begin with, her impressions of Hollywood completely changed once she saw what a "bad deal" filmland gave Bela Lugosi. "They refused to give him a chance to display his fullest acting potential, and they practically dropped him like a hot potato back in the early 1950s when horror films temporarily lost their 'kick'. The majority of Hollywood's Who's Who unjustly tagged him a 'has been', oblivious of the fact that Bela had countless fans & admirers all over the world. If this is what Hollywood is like—no thank you!" END



IT ASKED FOR YOU

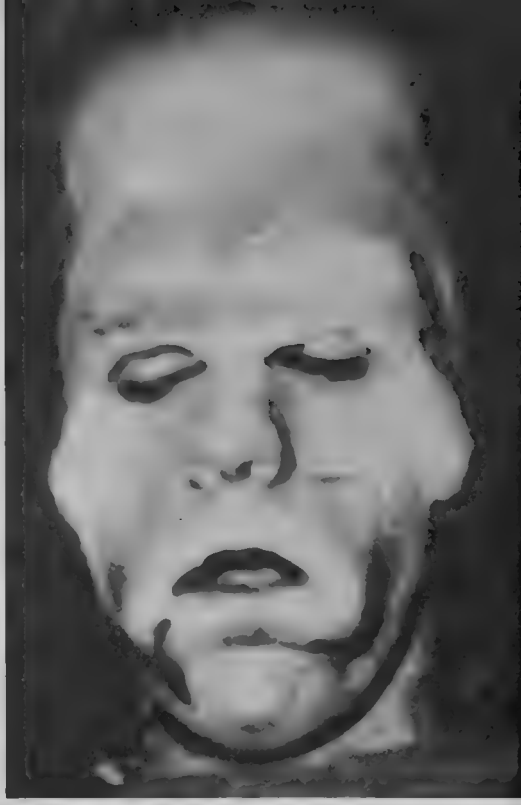
are you among the chosen few singled out by Kongalu?

KONGALU, the monster that cares, has handpicked another collection of pictures (which is pretty difficult to do, considering his hands are claws) which he hopes will please the people (?) he dedicates them to. Even if your name isn't included here (it may be nextime) it's alright with K. the Kreechur if YOU look too.

For *Douglas Sheehan . . . Mike Adams . . . Joan Zimbal . . . Frank & Anna Pesce . . . Frank Di Pietro . . . Stephen Evert . . . Hope Beena . . . John Andrews . . . Mark McGee . . . Gregory Zatirka* . . . and countless other fans of The Thirsty Count, this classic scene of Bela Lugosi & Dwight Frye in DRACULA (Universal 1931). END

IT ASKED FOR YOU!

Lower right: *Outer Limits* monster, whose face would frankly look better Outer Focus, chosen for *Oscar Garcia . . . Edward Jurkiewicz . . . Charles Sankey . . . Stephen Myers . . . Carol Mitch . . . Pat Clark . . . Michael Gille . . .* and *R. Michael Johnson.* Lower left: The late Irving Pichel, the vampire's valet in DRACULA'S DAUGHTER, Universal picture, looks sinister here for *Tom Jackson . . . Sharon DeMuth . . . Bill Evashwick . . . Don Moore . . . Gary Farris . . . Gary Ertman . . . Daniel LeLievre . . . Barry La Gravelle . . . Tom Lacher . . .* and *Ron Lizorty;* while (top right) French Monster from FRANKENSBERG VS. TORTICOLA makes appearance for *Mitchell Kaufman . . . Scat Kupper . . . Keith R. Garner . . . Gary Pohl . . . Robert Tate . . .* and *Mel Sobel Jr.*



One of the many monsters in Bert I. Gordon's MAGIC SWORD poses again for the benefit of *Richard Tester . . . David Burnley . . . John Arroyave . . . Louis Morra . . . and Pat Mc Day*

END

Grandpa has difficulty explaining to Butch what goes on under the hood of their kookie car inasmuch as it has no hood. It does, however, have a funtastic amount of hearse-power.

WILD IS THE WORD FOR THE MUNSTER KOACH

all about the kookie-spooky kar that runs on Transylvanian bat-teries

you can't be too car-ful

WHAT happens when a normal family of ghouls like the Munsters decide they have to have a 20th century luxury like a car. This was the problem faced by Universal TV when planning the tee-nee vision series *The Munsters*. Producers Joe Connelly & Bob Mosher sent aides to search the southern California junkyards in hopes of finding a Transylvanian Touring Roadster, vintage 16th century. After weeks of unsuccessful searching, it was decided that [illegible]

suitable vehicle for the distinguished Munsters would be to build it.

Normally to have a car custom-built is a problem in itself. But to build a car specifically to meet the tastes of the Munster family turned out to be a project only the most expert casket-carver could accomplish! George Barris and a number of other top custom car designers were asked to submit designs for the proposed chariot. The producers, along with Herman & Grandpa Munster. carefully studied the various submissions and finally chose Geo. Barris' deathly design for the project. At this point Barris was called in to meet with the Munster family to hear the specific requirements each had for the car.

things looked black

Grandpa Munster felt because the family was descended from a long line of used, but good, blood the car should contain noble characteristics befitting their elevated position. Grandpa added that for his personal use "he would require a closed compartment with draw curtains to protect him from *daylight.*" Naturally, Grandpa's compartment would have to have facilities for carrying on any last-minute experiments in transit.

hi-powered spook-plugs

Herman Munster's requirements tended to be more on the perfomrance & utility side. Herman made it clear that he would have to use the car for commuting each day when he went to scare up the monthly rent. He felt "because he would be driving the freeways it would be essential for the car to have sufficient power and good pick-up from a *dead* stop." Herman also wanted a fear-speed transmission to give the machine real, fingertip clutch control on the winding back roads he takes to visit blood relations at various cemetaries.

inside job

Lily Munster, like any modern female, was interested in the over all looks of the car. That was before she saw it in a pair of overalls. Then she met with *Mrs.* Barris, who was in charge of creating an appropriate interior. Lily felt the insides should be regally outfitted in velvet & vermin in keeping with the style & beauty of the Munster bloodline. She wanted as much of the trim as possible to be done in coffin gold-leaf or ghoul-plated.

Just the thing for a jaunt to the old haunting grounds.

Off for a family picnic The Munsters bring their own ants

road hog or road toad?

Eddie Munster threatened to hold his breath and turn himself back into a toad if he wasn't given a chance to voice his requirements for the car. Eddie wanted a grumble seat exclusively for his use. But, he made it clear, "the seat would have to be big enough for both myself & my Wuf-Wuf doll."

Eddie also wanted the car constructed so when he was old enough to drive it would be a 'hip machine'. Herman & Lily tried to explain to Eddie that this was to be a family car and couldn't be all hopped up the way Eddie pictured it.

Eddie, sticking to his earlier promise, held his breath until he began to shrink in size and grow warts. His parents, not wanting to create a spectacle, gave in to the little monster.

30-day dead-line

After Barris had heard all the requirements for the Munster's "crazy auto" he returned to his drawing board to try and incorporate all the ideas into the Munster Koach. The producers of the program and the publicity people at Universal-TV complicated the problem by asking Barris to complete the car in 30 days to make early filming & publicity dates. All the draftsmen of Barris Kustom City were freed from their projects to work exclusively on the Munster Koach. Barris spent most of the next month collecting the necessary specialized parts and over-seeing the construction of the vehicle.

Every funeral home in Los Angeles was visited by Barris in his search for accessories for the car. Casket handles were specially gold-plated to meet

the decorative requirements of Lily. Royal red velvet coffin-lining material was bought for the interior upholstery. Spook wheels were fashioned after 18th century wooden hearse wheels. It took nearly 3 weeks to obtain the necessary wolfskin leather for the interior trim.

Meanwhile, during the construction, the Munsters thought of other added goddies they wanted included in the finished car.

Herman wanted a scario to play the funeral march while traffic was tied up on the freeway.

Grandpa wanted a terrorvision set so he could tune in Zacherly and his other ghoulish friends.

Lily wanted a telephone so Herman could call if he was going to be late for breakfast on his way home from work.

Thirty days after the project was initiated, the Munster Koach was delivered to Universal-TV and presented to the Munster family. Like all families that just get a new car, the Munsters took it for a drive. Herman seemed extremely pleased with the Cobra engine . . . unfortunately, the mileage wasn't as economical as he had hoped for—3 miles to a gallon of embalming fluid.

Grandpa made good use of the portable alchemist's equipment in his compartment by mixing a potion that would quickly eliminate any policemen trying to stop or slow Herman down.

The happy Munsters took the black pearl car for an afternoon picnic at Forest Lawn Cemetary to show it off to all their friends.

It wasn't exactly a picnic for producers Connelly & Mosher when they found out that the Munster Koach cost just under $18,000 . . . that's ghoul biz!!

ghoulsmobile

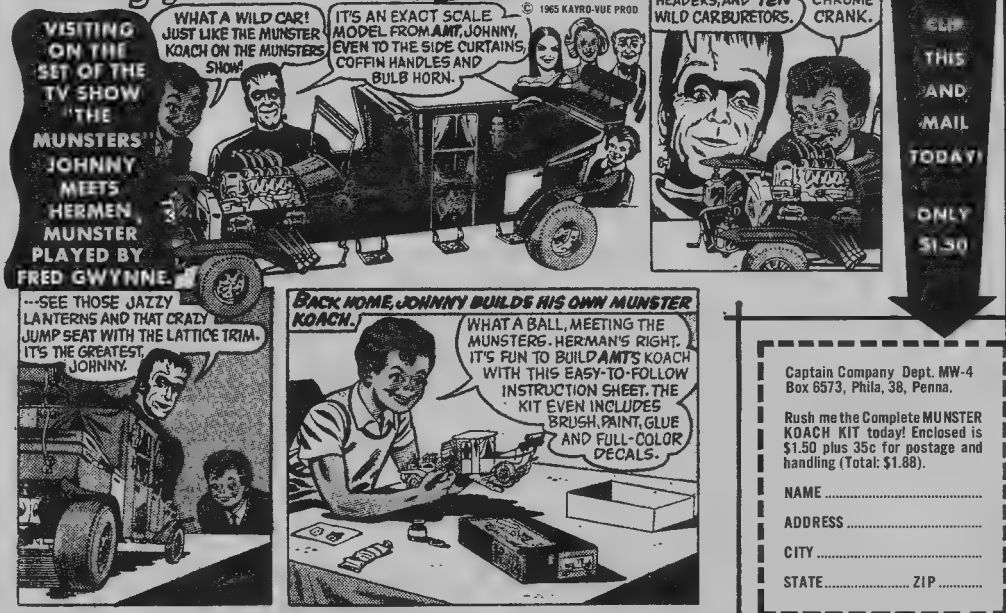
Barris was asked how he felt about this ghoulish creation and he simply smiled as he pointed to a casket sitting in the back of his shop.

He said, "I am now going to build the world's fastest casket."

Yes, an actual coffin on 4 wheels, aimed at competition drag racing. Watch for the unveiling of Barris' coffin on wheels, *Dragular*, in a future issue of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, our companion filmonster magazine. **END**

Munsters Are A Ghoul's Best Friends. Typical Family, in front of the family car.

Johnny gets his own MONSTER KOACH!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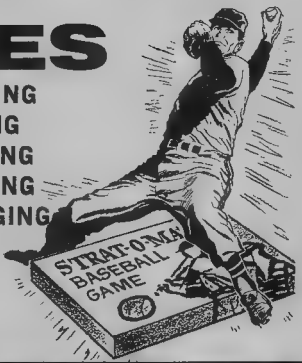

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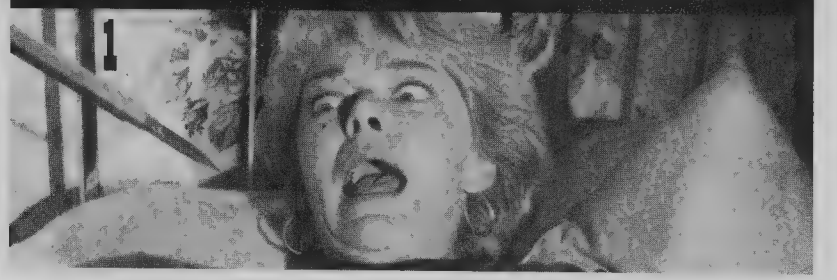
THE SCREAM TEST

This Damsel's in distress because of—

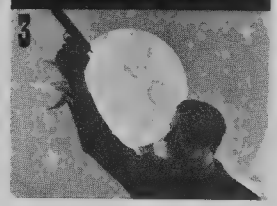
a. MR.. SARDONICUS
b. PEEPING TOM
c. SHE-WOLF OF LONDON



Vincent Price has one foot in the grave in—

a. PREMATURE BURIAL
b. POE'S TALES OF TERROR
c. TWICE-TOLD TALES

A Sinister Silhouette from—



a. MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
b. A NIGHT OF MYSTERY
c. DOCTOR NO

Donald Woods gives Marty Milner a hand in—

a. 13 GHOSTS
b. THE CRAWLING HAND
c. MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

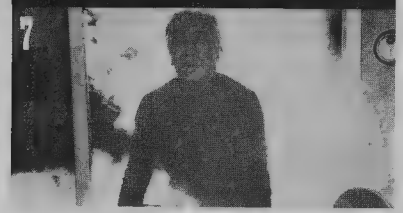
The Starchy Star of Witch film?

a. THE UNDEAD
b. SNOW WHITE AND THE 3 STOOGES
c. THE WIZARD OF OZ

An Actor in LOST PATROL on his way to success—

a. Cary Grant
b. Lon Chaney
c. Boris Karloff

A Roast Creature called—



a. ATOM AGE VAMPIRE
b. X—THE UNKNOWN
c. HIDEOUS SUN DEMON

The Bloodcurdling Face of one of the—

a. MOLE PEOPLE
b. SLIME PEOPLE
c. GAMMA PEOPLE

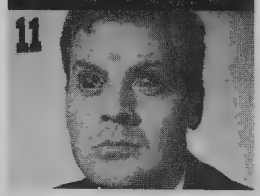
The Choker's Wild in—

a. TARANTULA
b. STRANGLER'S MORGUE
c. EL MONSTRUO RESUCITADO

Is it a bird, is it a plane? No, it's—

a. RODAN
b. DEVIL BAT
c. AIR HAWKS

A Creature more than human, from—

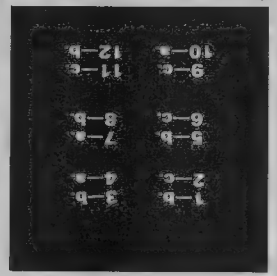


a. THE HYPNOTIC EYE
b. ZEX—THE ELECTRONIC MONSTER
c. BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS

A Prehistoric Monster attacks in—

a. BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS
b. GIANT BEHEMOTH
c. THE ANIMAL WORLD

ANSWERS!



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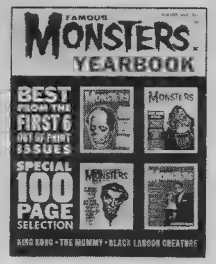
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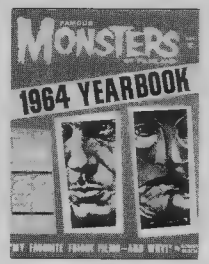
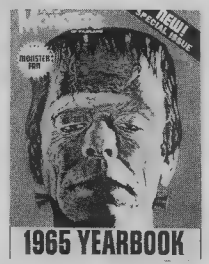


1964 YEARBOOK



1965 YEARBOOK

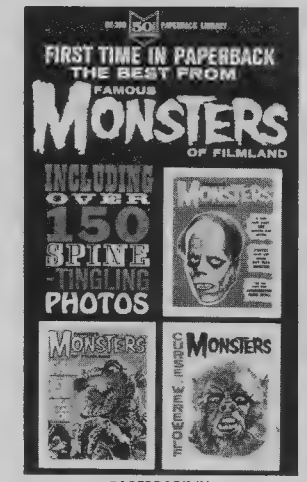
#7 ALL ABOUT CYCLOPS

#9 THE OPERA PHANTOM

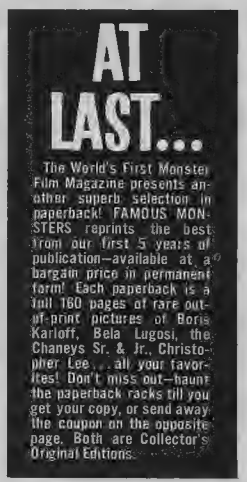
#10 "MENACE" OF "PSYCHO" BLOCH

#17 THE LONE STRANGER

ANOTHER FAMOUS MONSTERS PAPERBACK!



PAPERBACK #1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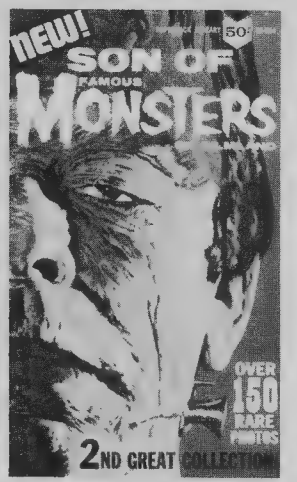

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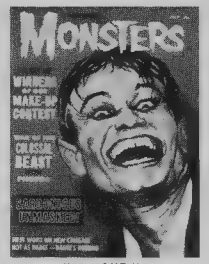

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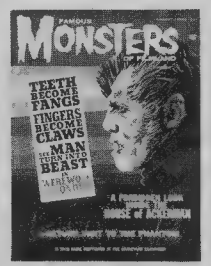

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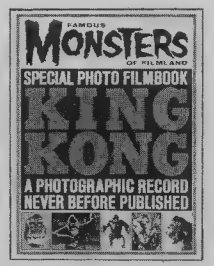

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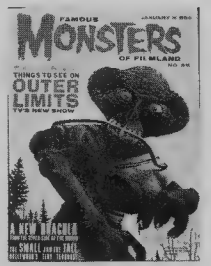

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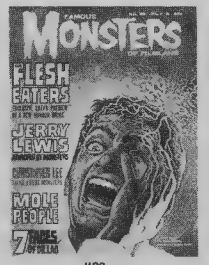

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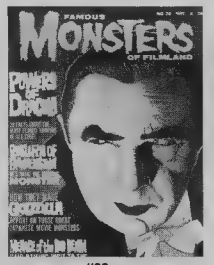

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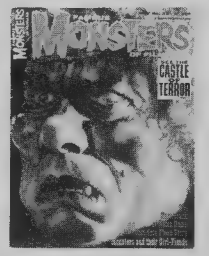

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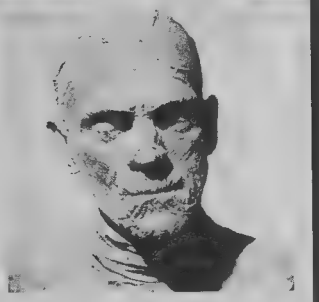

In 1932 Hollywood wrapped Boris Karloff in 15 yards of rotting gauze, for 8 hours they sprayed him with chemicals & baked it with clay. The result: THE MUMMY—a scream horror classic! Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

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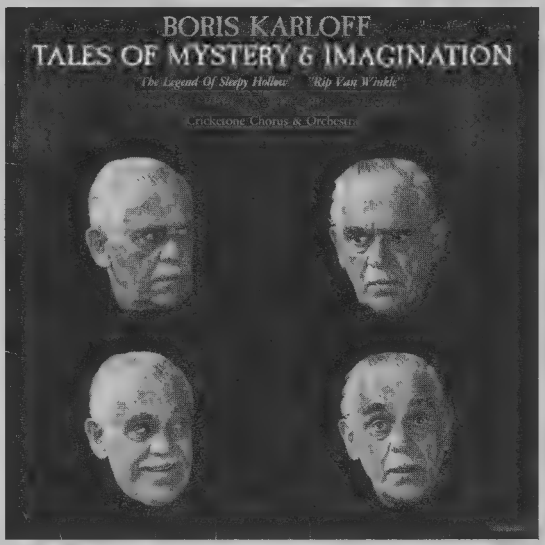

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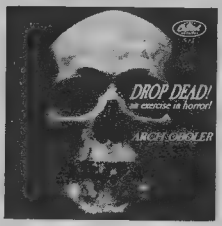

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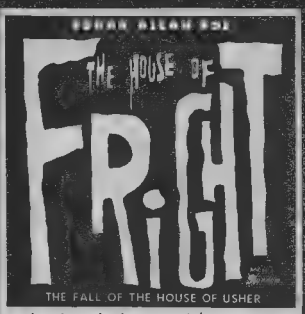

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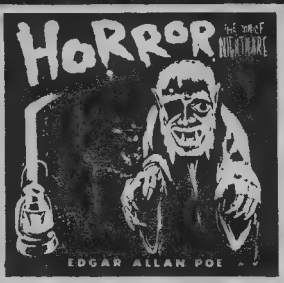

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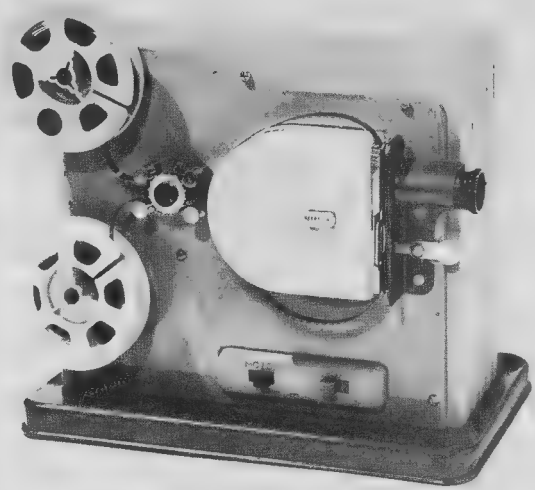

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Yes, YOU, with this issue in your hands.

Or—pardon me—are those claws?

Excuse my glaring at you, but I wanted to make sure I caught your attention. Now if you're already enrolled in the FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB, this isn't news to you; but if you're one of those poor unfortunate unorganized Little Monsters who doesn't have

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—why, friend, you're just like a Mummy without his tana leaves

. . . Dr. Jekyll without Mr. Hyde, King Kong without Fay Wray, or

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Say, I've been missing a bat—I mean a bet. You bet your life I want to be one of the gang. Here's my 75c to register me as a Vice-President of the FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB and send me all the goodies listed above, plus I understand I have the privilege of submitting a free ad, and might even get my picture published!

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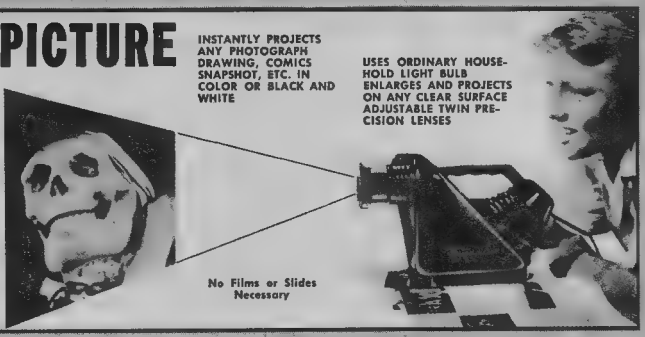
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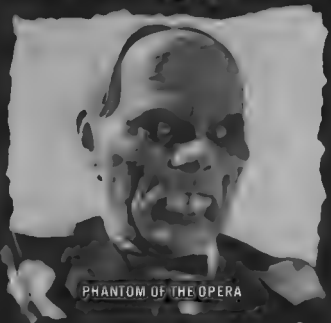

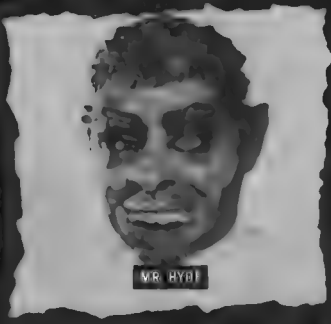

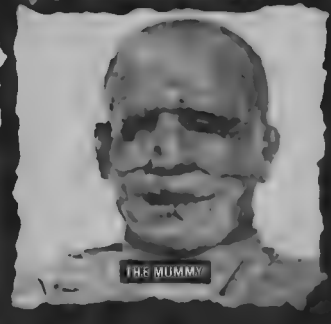

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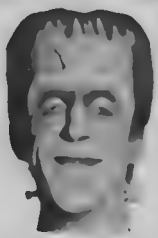

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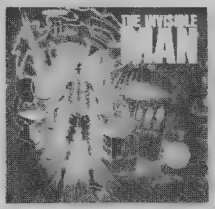

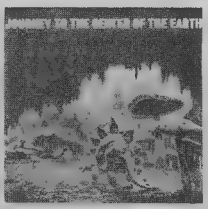

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SHOWN ON PAGE 67

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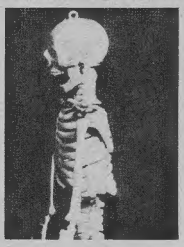
parts snap together
no gluing—no painting

MOVES INTO ANY POSITION

Anatomy Chart included!



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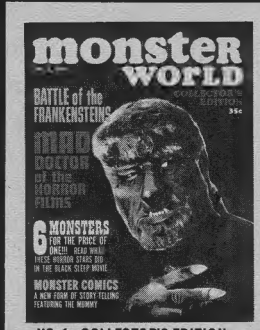
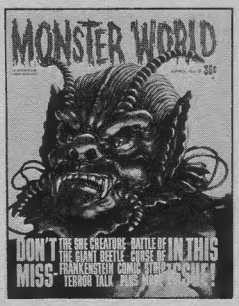


NO. 1—COLLECTOR'S EDITION

NO. 2—THE MUNSTERS



No. 3—THE SHE CREATURE

THE UNHOLY 3 WANT YOU!

Did you (monstrous!) somehow miss any of the first 3 issues of MW? Do you now cringe behind your tombstone, quaking at every thunderbolt, trembling at the sight of bats flitting overhead? Do you live in terror at the horrid thought that someone somewhere someday (or somenight) might discover your horrible secret?

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